

Northampton, Oct. 10, 1848.

Dear Helen:

Tuesday Morning.

90 Yesterday afternoon, when the Doctor returned from town with his mail-bag, I inquired of him — "Have you a letter for me?" "None," was his reply. I was somewhat disappointed — but not a great deal; for though I was extremely anxious to know how you stood your long journey, and whether you and the children arrived home without any accident, I hardly supposed you would find time to send me a letter quite so soon. "Well," said I to the Doctor, "I expect you will bring me one to-morrow evening; and so I shall wait resignedly till that time." I went up into my chamber, and was engaged in reading my newspapers, when I heard a tap at my door; on opening which, Miss Thayer informed me that there was a very interesting young lady in the parlor, who desired to see me; and her curiosity, she said, was excited to know who she was. So was mine; and I therefore hurried below, in order to learn the name of the stranger. Judge of my surprise and pleasure on beholding our friend Harriet Jackson! I had supposed she had postponed her contemplated visit, till another season. She not only informed me of your safe arrival, but gave me a long epistle from you, containing just such particulars as I wanted to know, respecting home and its affairs — your journey, &c. This gave great relief to my mind; and all the more, inasmuch as one item of intelligence was, that dear sister Sarah was once more under our roof, prompt to a day in being with you, and thus banishing (to some extent at least) the loneliness of your situation. For this new proof of her sisterly affection, she will accept my warmest thanks.

First, as to the driver who extorted 50 cents from you, for a ride from the depot. He was a knave in so doing, and he knew it; but he thought he could take advantage of you without any risk of his bones, and so he did. It is a trifling matter, to be sure, in amount, but not in principle, or as a precedent. I only wish, after tendering him the lawful charge, on his refusal to take it, you had coolly put your money into your pocket, telling him he might have it whenever he should feel disposed to call. Should you be able to identify him on my return?

Next, as to the appearance of home. I do not wonder that you felt a sensation of desolateness, on entering the house. Every thing to be properly arranged — the accumulated dust of three months covering the rooms — no food in readiness — no fire — no "help" — and five children to be cared for; — to say nothing of my absence, or of your peculiar situation. But a few days will alter the appearance of things, and once more you will feel yourself at home. I am afraid you will injure yourself by excessive labor. Be careful not to do so, for a thousand reasons.

Of the sisterly kindness of Mrs. Garnant and Miss Cannon, I cannot find terms strong enough to express my sense of it. Such friends are to be prized more than any conceivable quantity of the gold of Ophir. I trust we shall be able to make them some compensation in return, not in a business point of view, but to show that we also take pleasure in the performance of similar deeds.

You excite much uneasiness in my mind, in regard to our dear Wendell Phillips, by stating that he is not yet wholly cured of his disorder. This ought not so to be. I think there is yet considerable danger that he will go into a decline, unless he finds entire relief very speedily. I wish he had as much faith

in the water cure as I have knowledge of it; so that he might be induced to try it for a few weeks, under the care of Dr. Rygless. You will give my brotherly remembrances to him and his beloved Ann. Much do I long to be by their side.

I am glad you have got in some coal, and hope it was of the right size; otherwise it may prove an annoyance to the cook. The way to ignite it is first to fill up the grate with the kindling wood, and let that get well on fire, and then to put a small quantity of coal upon it, which must be increased at discretion. Let William go to Mr. Prescott, and ask him to send me a cord of his best dry hard wood, for air-tight stoves, and let it be sawed twice; the boys can do the splitting and piling.

You write that George has been a very good boy, and of great assistance to you. Such intelligence cheers my heart. I hope he will try to do his best, in aiding you, until my return. Most cheerfully will I reward him. No one can do better than himself, if he will try. May there be no quarrelling among any of the dear children, but may each of them strive to be kind and obedient in all things.

Since you and they have returned, I feel much more lonesome than I did before you all came. I go over to George's, and every thing is so quiet that it seems like a general bereavement. Little Sarah asks frequently after Fanny, who, she says, "has gone far away." Mary is very much missed.

I return the \$5 which you enclosed to me, because I do not need it, and shall be able to collect enough here, which is due on the Liberator, to enable me to get home. Tell dear Sarah, I take the will as for the deed. She is ever disposed to manifest a sister's love.

Why did you not buy four blankets, instead of two,  
at Mr. Ganett's? You will certainly need them all. Get the other  
two without fail. The price is very low.

I am sorry that my credit is getting impaired, by lack  
of promptness, even in the slightest degree. How the grocery and the  
meat bills can amount to \$45, for one month's supply, is to me in-  
explicable. They are so enormous, that they ought not to be paid  
without the most careful scrutiny.

Mrs. Helen Eliza Garrison,  
Anti-Slavery Office, 21 Cornhill,  
Boston, Mass.

Dear sister Charlotte has been very kind indeed,  
as well as sister Sarah, in supplying you with various articles,  
indispensable in a certain contingency. It was also very kind in  
Mrs. Eddy, in giving you a farewell token for such a purpose.  
Your appropriation of it was very proper, under the circumstances.

Bro. George expects to leave for Boston this forenoon,  
but is not certain. Should he be detained, he will put this letter into the  
mail. My "crisis" is improving. In a fortnight from today, I hope to be  
with you. Ever yours,  
W. L. G.